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for the latter, but for these it is by no means brought up to the desirable fulness of detail. When we consult a book of reference, we wish to know, not merely what the writer thinks upon a given subject, but his reasons for it; and if the point is disputed, what other views are held, and the reasons for them. In this respect the work before us often fails. For instance, p. 413. a, we read: "Permessus and Olmeius, two streams rising in Mount Helicon, which, after uniting their waters, flow into the Lake Copais near Haliartus. Leake regards the Kephalári as the Permessus, and the river of Zagará as the Olmeius." This is very well for a school-book; it gives what the author considers as the correct view, and what is explicitly stated by Strabo in the passage cited. But a book of this character should not fail to state that Leake, in a subsequent part of the volume which he cites, leans to the opinion that the river of Thisbe, which flows southerly, was the Olmeius; while Kiepert and others, arguing from an inconclusive passage in Pausanias (IX. 28. 5, Bek.), invert the relative position of the two, and think the river of Thisbe to be the Permessus, and that which flows northerly the Olmeius. Other instances of this nature might be mentioned, especially with regard to the Pelasgicon in Athens, page 266. These few errors and deficiencies, however, do not prevent us from pronouncing the work a most admirable compilation, and, in the main, remarkably full and accurate. If not indispensable for the scholar, it is at least fitted to save him a vast deal of labor, and will be welcomed as an important aid to the study of antiquity.

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- 7.—*Historical Memorials of Canterbury.* By ARTHUR P. STANLEY, M. A., Canon of Canterbury. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1855. 8vo. pp. 236.

AN English Cathedral city is at once delightful and dull, picturesque as a park and still as a graveyard. Few events in the year's circuit disturb its placid monotony; its streets, even on the feast-days of the Church, are but scantily frequented; trade will not thrive under the shadow of its great trees and its majestic towers; and pilgrims have quite ceased from its pathways. Once in a while, a special occasion rouses apparent excitement, but this is spasmodic and quickly subsides. There is an annual fair at Gloucester, an annual music-festival at Hereford, and an annual visit of the royal family to Scotland to gather together crowds in the cities on the line of the London and Edinburgh

Railway. For the rest of the year, everything is toned down to the most profound quiet, as sober and conservative as Oxford or Cambridge in the long vacation. The daily matins and vespers go decently on, with their score of choristers and their half-score of hearers; the verger collects his regular harvest of shillings as the summer brings visitors to see in its Gothic remains what the glory of England was; the sweet chimes scatter to the country around their morning greetings, and the passing-bell mourns with the funeral train, pacing silently beneath the great elms; a vacant show of traffic is kept up in the few shops; smiling faces suddenly show themselves, to give and receive the dean's salutation as he goes down town on his forenoon walk; some of the chapter are trimming trees in their gardens, others practising chants for the service, and a few in their arm-chairs poring over choice editions of the classics; — such is the average daily life of Salisbury, and Winchester, and Wells, and most of the Cathedral cities.

The dullest and the most interesting of all is Canterbury. There is no rural city in England where the historic associations are so rich and attractive, and the present life so utterly stagnant. A branch railway from the Southeastern terminates there, but we doubt if that enterprising company have ever realized, as they certainly never expected, large dividends from that investment. You can spend a day in Canterbury most pleasantly, but you wonder that any one should spend more than a day there. Nevertheless, as candidates are never wanting for consulships on the Syrian and Adriatic coasts, so numbers are ready to go into honorable exile at Canterbury, and to live a semi-monastic life within three hours of London among the relics and gravestones of the old monasteries.

For a scholar of antiquarian and poetic tastes, who is willing to take things leisurely, there is material in Canterbury for the profitable use of time. There are several subjects which may be investigated, — the origin here of Latin Christianity in England, — the influence, theological and political, of the great line of archbishops who adorned for many centuries this ruling see, — the famous tragedy of Becket's murder, and the strange pilgrimages to his marvellous shrine, — the numberless legends of the old inns and by-streets, — the history of the religious sites, the ruins of St. Martin's in the Fields, St. Augustine's Abbey, and the monuments of the Cathedral, — the critical accuracy of the crowning poem of Geoffrey Chaucer, — all these may give a Canon, who is reasonably patient and enthusiastic, an agreeable work to do.

We wish that it might always be done as gracefully as in the volume before us. The four essays here contained may be regarded, we trust,

as only the *first series* of memorials of a city of such abundant antiquarian resources. Mr. Stanley has peculiar gifts as a local historian of the Church. His tastes, his ability, and the healthy constitution of his mind, all fit him to deal fairly with the traditions which surround him in an old town like Canterbury. He is a diligent inquirer, yet not a blind eulogist of the past. One of the essays in his volume, on "The Murder of Becket," was originally printed in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1853, and attracted much attention at the time to its vigorous and careful handling. The other three essays, "The Landing of Augustine," "Edward the Black Prince," and "Becket's Shrine," were delivered as Lectures before an Association at Canterbury, and are now first published. They are all exceedingly well written, in a clear, manly, Saxon style, which is dramatic rather in the fine grouping of its parts than in the forced brilliancy of its sentences. The narrative goes steadily on, never wearying by prolixity, and using minute details only when these are necessary for the final effect. The trite story of Gregory and the Angles in the Roman slave-market, with its result in the conversion of Ethelbert the Saxon king, and the permanent establishment of Christianity as the British religion, is so graphically told, as almost to seem fresh and new; while the really new and curious facts concerning Becket's murder are so presented as almost to seem old and familiar. The tomb of the Black Prince in the Trinity Chapel, back of the High Altar of the Cathedral, in some respects the most striking of all the monuments in that crowded mausoleum of the noble and revered dead, is made the text of an accurate sketch of the early life, the exploits, the character, and the death of that chief of the Plantagenet heroes. Appended to this essay is the will of the Black Prince in Norman French, which illustrates at once his superstition, his pride, and his accomplishments. It was dictated on the day before his death. The construction of his tomb, with all its ornaments, its place, its dimensions, its inscription in fourteen stately hexameters, — the arrangements for the funeral, — the disposition of all his effects, even the most trifling, — the names, titles, and offices of the eight executors, and the customary blessing upon his son Richard if he keeps these parting charges, the curse if he neglects them, — all are elegantly written down, and witnessed in the comic Latin suffix of John de Ormeshevede, public notary of Canterbury. Mr. Stanley adds some notes which explain parts of this singular will, but naïvely admits that he cannot tell why the executors changed the place which the Prince had expressly ordered for his tomb. The symbol of the ostrich feathers, with the motto "Ich diene" upon them, which appears on six of the escutcheons on the monument, is relieved from its mys-

tery, and the relics suspended from that beam above the canopy are described much better than in the rapid rehearsal of the vergers, who repeats ten times a day what they are, what they cost, and how long they have hung there. The likeness of the Black Prince on this monument is said to be more accurate than any other now existing.

The last of the four essays is the longest and the most elaborate. It is a very complete account of the rise, glory, and downfall of the most remarkable of all English shrines; in fact, the only shrine in England of which any mention is made to-day. Multitudes visit Ripon to see the magnificent ruin of Fountains Abbey, without ever hearing of the once famous St. Wilfred, whose monument in that town pilgrims came from near and far to honor. Have not the chronicles of that most industrious Benedictine, Mabillon, told of the miracles wrought at the shrine of St. Cuthbert? Yet it is the last thing one inquires for in that glorious Durham Cathedral. The shrine of Becket, on the contrary, is the first thing one asks for in the Canterbury Cathedral. Who has not read of its wonderful treasures, the silver and gold and precious stones, the great carbuncle which leaped from King Louis's ring and fastened itself to the shrine, — the fervor of the pilgrimages in winter, on the anniversary of the saint's death, and in summer, on the anniversary of the translation of his bones, — the throngs of the regularly recurring jubilee, — the reverence which prelates and nobles and kings paid here to the memory of the greatest of modern martyrs, — the characteristic visit of Erasmus, — the final daring act of Cranmer, destroying at a blow the chief relic of Romish superstition in the land? If any one has not heard of these, let him find them all delightfully related in Mr. Stanley's narrative, with the poetic embellishments which Chaucer's Tales so copiously furnish. One is sad, however, to find that the iconoclasm of Henry went so far, that the place of the shrine is now an empty space, with no vestige of its former honor except in the stones hollowed by the knees of the pilgrims. The round in which the pilgrims once were led, from the bloody stones in the south transept, where the prelate fell, to the wooden altar where he prayed, and the statue of the Virgin with which he talked, — down into the crypt where his body was first buried, and where his hair-cloth shirt and his sacred skull-bone wrought perpetual miracles, — up again to the choir and the sacristy, where the extraordinary wealth of relics, which the Bohemian Leo von Rosmithal has indicated by specimens in his Latin Journal, was presented to the faithful to kiss and adore, — and at last ending at the shrine itself, where many were like to expire in the zeal of their wonder and joy, — alas! all the glory of this round is gone, and the pilgrim of to-day

finds never a relic, but only the worn stones, to kiss. The least striking among the monuments of Canterbury Cathedral now is that which preserves the name of him who once was known all over Europe, and, according to Romish chroniclers, even in the Holy Land; — for the popular legend will have it that the murderers of Becket expiated their crime in penance at Jerusalem, and built there an altar to the saint.

Mr. Stanley has added to his essays several interesting documents, illustrating the history of Canterbury, and has faithfully compared the very numerous and conflicting authorities upon the murder of Becket. He makes no parade of learning, but proves that he has examined the original sources as carefully as Gough or Professor Willis. His estimate of the character of Becket is candid and impartial, and his *reflections* are full of good sense. The errors of the Romish Lives of St. Thomas of Canterbury are pointed out, but not harshly. One statement has to our ears a novel sound, that a large lie in America is called "a Canterbury." We have been less fortunate than "the intelligent American clergyman," who mentioned that to Mr. Stanley as a common Yankee expression.

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8. — *Corsica, Picturesque, Historical, and Social: with a Sketch of the Early Life of Napoleon, and an Account of the Bonaparte, Paoli, Pozzo di Borgo, and other Principal Families, suggested by a Tour in the Island in 1852.* Translated from the German of FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. Philadelphia: Parry and M'Millan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 522.

WE are glad that a book which was so emphatically praised in the Westminster Review of last July has so quickly found a translator, and one so competent. The style in which Mr. Morris has done this work leads us to hope well for the original work on Naples which he is now preparing. With the exception of a few awkward renderings in the Historical Sketch, the English of this volume is as idiomatic as if it had been originally written in that tongue.

Who is Gregorovius? The name has not a German sound, and, if a fictitious name, does not sound particularly sweet. Whatever his name, the man who wrote this book has established an enviable reputation. It is a finished book, leaving nothing to be said about its subject, and saying nothing that ought not to be said. Its arrangement is